TREE DAY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 34.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., JUNE 14, 1890.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, JUNE 14, 1890. No. 34

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY THE PRINCESS.

On this favored day in which it has pleased us to assemble our court, we give to all our honored guests most hearty welcome. To you who have come from the busy world to sit today beneath our banners of purple and gold, and to you, the Wellesley of the past, the present, and the future, we offer our cordial greeting.

We have bidden you to the celebration of a festal day within our court, a day in which we have gathered our subjects about us that they may hear once more from our tutors the oft-repeated statement of the meaning and purpose of our College,—

> "To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
> Upon an even pedestal with man."

The towers and spires that rise above us are the embodiment of a great and noble thought. Our College Beautiful stands as an enduring monument of the idea that

> "The woman's cause is man's; They rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free."

stands as a perpetual reminder of the fact that the progress of our race is not independent of the development among us of a noble type of womanhood. When, years ago, the question was put,

> "If *she* be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow?"

it was answered by the building of these halls in which woman should find "knowledge now no more a fountain sealed," in which she might gain in mental breadth and moral power, might add intellectual attainments to womanly graces, and thus, strong, noble, and self-reverent, might lead the day when "comes the loftier Eden back to men" and "springs the crowning race of humankind." The memory of those in whose minds first took shape the thought from which Wellesley sprung, lingers with us today, while we turn with inadequate words of thanks to you, who through the intervening years, have been the guardians of Wellesley's fame.

And because the life within these College walls has brought us something more valuable even than the training and development of the intellect; because there breathes in the very air a lofty idealism that bids us, "Better not be at all than not be noble!;" because we who have for four years worn here our academic hues of lilac and gold, disband our court before many days, and go forth into the world's work with undaunted courage and a firm faith in the glorious possibilities of human life;—because there has been given us here an inspiration to something higher than the mere acquirement of the knowledge that is "earthly of the mind," we welcome you, to whom we are indebted for that more precious wisdom, with a gratitude that lies beyond all words.

To our friends of other days, and to you whom

it has been our great fortune to have often among us, we beg to offer our welcome to the places that were yours long before the coming of our violet-gowned students. And while we entreat you not to doubt the loyalty of our subjects to all that you hold dear, we freely beseech your pardon if, as guests in our court, you feel that we have been too unmindful of that portentous saying, "'T will be recorded for a precedent."

With sincere pleasure we receive you, also the friends whom it has been our privilege to know so intimately. To see you among our guests today affords us the opportunity of saying, in words whose only grace shall be their deep sincerity, how greatly we account ourselves your debtors for many favors of the past. Believe us, good Robin Hood, the gay green-wood that lies beyond our boundaries could never have been so fair a place to wander in, had not its paths been made both safe and pleasant for us by the kindly courtesy of your foresters. It has brought us, too, no little good cheer and comfort to meet so often our sisters who wear the garb of Holy Church, while all our hopes for the glory of the coming time have gained new life as we have beheld you, the Children of the Future, you and your younger sisters waiting at our gates to enter in and carry on more worthily the work we have begun.

We are heartily glad, too, that cordial relations exist between our own and other lands, and we acknowledge with gratitude that we owe many rare gifts of precious learning and curious lore to the strangers from the Orient who roam hither in their travels. We count ourselves happy in that we have been met by you all as friends. We entreat you to believe that we realize how largely the prosperity of this whole realm depends upon the maintenance among us of a spirit of firm friendship, of broad sympathy, of generous kindliness, that looks beyond the advantage of the few to the welfare of the many. We would assure you of our earnest conviction that the highest interests as well as the rarest blessings of life within this land of our joint possession are secured by a unanimity that excludes all bitterness of feeling, and leaves room for nothing but the cordial good-fellowship which furnishes an inspiration to the common attainment of noble ends.

Therefore, as we offer you our hearty good wishes for the coming years, we ask from you a continuance of the good-will you have ever shown us. And as we request you all to join us in the merriment of this gala-day within our court, we pause a moment, thinking of the future that lies beyond, and beg from you all encouragement, sympathy, and co-operation, as we go out from the College halls filled with an earnest purpose to "work and mould woman to the fuller day."

Angie Lacey Peck, '90.

TREE-DAY ORATION.

Three years ago a tree was planted, a maple, weak, and small, and useless, and yet in planting it we dreamed of a great tree with far reaching branches, which was to be an ornament to the College Beautiful and a shelter for her daughters. For three years it has been cared for by living hands, three summers have given their sunshine, and the storms of three winters have tried its strength, and now we must leave it, still small, still weak, still almost useless; and yet we leave it with good courage, for it has grown,—grown straight and true and free, up toward the light, and out into the air it spreads its delicate branches which do their feeble best to make a shady place beneath.

Three years ago the Princess Ida and her maidens called their friends to keep with them a festal day, when, inspired by high ideals and strong courage, we pledged ourselves "to work and mould the woman to the fuller day." Today we come to take that pledge anew, with the added meaning which these years have given. The work which has been ours in these three years has been to mould ourselves. How sadly we have failed of what we would be, none know as well as we. But if today we are no nearer our ideal woman than we were three years ago, it is because our standard has advanced with the years and with the struggles which have marked them. Weak, inexperienced, far as ever from what we strive for, but inspired by an ideal which has become more definite as well as higher than before, still full of courage which has been only strengthened by our knowledge of the difficulties of our task, we go forth to

a life where the pledge "to work and mould the woman to the fuller day" binds us to renewed efforts to make our own lives nearer the ideal, and at the same time binds us to a new duty broader and higher than the old. We are to give now rather than receive. We are to be, by doing. We are to grow stronger, by helping the weak, to grow more courageous by encouraging the faint-hearted, to grow nobler by lifting up our high ideal in the sight of all the world.

As we go forth now to this our life-work we join hands with all those who through the ages have been struggling toward the light, and with all who today seize every opportunity to battle for the good and beautiful and true. For they who work to bring the fuller day, and we who "work to mould the woman to the fuller day" are one. Each soul must choose his own part in the work of life, and we have chosen this, because we feel that we are called by our special fitness and by woman's special need, but most of all because we believe that thus we shall best work to bring the fuller day.

If these years of college life have shut us in from the real world and its problems, giving us, as some claim, theories instead of facts, one thing at least we know, as we could never have known it in the less familiar and more artificial life of the outside world, and that is woman. Her weakness and her strength, her great needs and greater capabilities, her tendency toward narrowness and triviality, and yet the deeper, broader, truer self which scorns all this pettiness and seeks for all that is most grandly true, we know. We have learned as few women have, to work with women and for them. And in our life here, which is, perhaps, too much a life of introspection, we have at least gained this, that we have come to see in our own souls all that is weakest and lowest, as well as all that is strongest and highest in a woman's nature, and so have learned to truly sympathize with every temptation as well as every aspiration which can come to a woman's soul.

When we turn from our own fitness for the work, to woman's need of us, the choice which seemed good to us before seems now inevitable. Is it to be our work to train the coming generation in the school-room or the home? The education of the girls is most defective and so calls for the deepest study, the truest consecration to the work. Is there a social or economic problem which is agitating the most earnest and thoughtful minds of the age? The side of that problem which is hardest, most perplexing, grows out of woman's part in it. Is there a moan heard from the poor and wretched and sinful at our door? Woman's moan is loudest and most full of anguish. Is there a cry for light from the dark places of the earth? There woman sits in the blackest shadow of the darkness. Does our sense of justice rebel against the oppression of tyranny and unjust laws? In half the world each household is a despotism where justice to woman is unknown or ignored. Does our blood boil as we hear the wrongs of prisoners rehearsed? In half the nations of the world women are prisoners, not bound in iron fetters, but with the stronger chains of ignorance and custom, imprisoned not for taking life, but for giving life, for being women. Do we rise in righteous indignation at the horrors of the slave trade? Alas, half the women in the world are slaves, not enslaved in body only, but in mind and soul. There is no degradation, wrong, or need of humanity which is not woman's in the fullest saddest sense. So measured by her present need, woman's claim upon our help is first and best. All the womanhood within us responds to the call. Every degradation, wrong and need of woman is our own as we are women. We feel that we must "work and mould the woman to the fuller day."

But there is still a broader and higher reason for our choice. Great, almost overwhelming, as the work for woman is, we would labor not for a part, but for all humanity. Great, as is the present need, we would work, not for the present alone, but for all time, for the countless generations yet to come. We are not content unless the good at which we aim is the highest which we know. And the highest which we know is this, the realization in mankind of its great possibility, the perfect humanity which is divine. Through all the ages men have striven for this goal. Every lofty aspiration, every true thought, every noble deed, of the past centuries sprang from the conscious or unconscious effort to make man's high ideal real. Man's progress through the ages has been slow and painful,

and many backward steps have marked his way. A great, perhaps the greatest, cause for his repeated failures has been undiscovered by the wise ones of the past. His great mistake has been in this, that he has striven to rise alone, ignoring woman's part in the progress of the race, forgetting that

> "They rise or sink
> Together, dwarfted or godlike, bond or free."

never questioning,

> "If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow?"

Blind to the great laws of heredity, neglecting the effects of early training, man has gone on, generation after generation, expecting the impossible. And all the sad and faulty world today bears the marks of the great mistake. Not the degradation of womanhood alone is its result, but the degradation of humanity. Man can never reach the goal alone, but side by side with woman, no longer a hindrance, but a helper in the race. All humanity calls us in the sad history of past ages, in the prophecy of the brighter "to be," "to work and mould the woman to the fuller day."

Centuries ago, when the artificial and corrupt civilization of Rome was tottering and about to fall, a rude and warlike race dwelt on the borders of the northern seas, a people whose men were pure and manly, brave and free, whose women were strong to endure hardships, courageous and inspiring in time of war, wise in counsel, rulers of the hearth. To the mothers not less than to the fathers of the Anglo-Saxon race we owe the spirit of progress and the unconquerable love of freedom which have made the English speaking peoples today, the leaders of the world. To these free and noble women, who in the dark days of the world stood by men's sides, their equals and their helpers in the struggle, to them we largely owe it that we stand here, in the brighter days which are given us to work in, no less courageous, no less free than they.

We acknowledge with all gratitude our debt to the past. Let us repay it by our service to the women of the present and the future. Whether our part be to rouse the world by a recital of the great wrongs of the past, or to inspire it by a prophecy of the glory which we yet may reach; whether our part be, in far distant lands, to open prison gates of custom, and strike the chains of ignorance from wrists of slaves, or here, about our doors, to stoop and raise the weak and needy ones who sin and die for bread; whether we are called in the great bustle of the world to act a stirring part, or in some quiet, sheltered place, to live out our ideal truly in the sight of little children whom we love, the cause is one. This work is ours, and by our faithfulness to it shall we be judged.

Ethel A. Glover, '90.

ODE.

I.

O touch the strings of Wellesley's heart,
White-winged and tender-eyed Ideal;
The silver fount of song unseal,
For there is music where thou art.
We feel thy presence in the throng;
Our souls are fanned by wings of prayer;
We see thee mount thy star-built stair,
We follow, to a finer air,
Where life runs calm, and deep, and strong.
Thy beauty grows along the sky,
Thy perfectness is out of reach—
Our wish has grown beyond our speech,
Our thoughts are dropping into song,
Thy spirit wakes our minstrelsy.

REFRAIN.

Thy beauty grows along the sky,
Thy perfectness is out of reach—
Our wish has grown beyond our speech,
Our thoughts are dropping into song,
Thy spirit wakes our minstrelsy.

II.

Life looks aloft, and longs to know
The destiny writ on God's face,
And there she sees the boundless grace
That moulds the ages as they go.
She pierces planet-peopled space,
And in the whirling of the spheres
The records of uncounted years
Shine downward, and prophetic grow.
The spirit reels, and thought is pale,
But in the dark, clear hope-lights trail
A cloud of glory, piercing through
The utmost depths of pathless blue.
Earth swings with even motion, where
The folded mists of fleecy cloud
Now make a nest to wrap her in,
And now dark masses, thunder bowed,
Dissolve in rack, grey, wind-swept, thin,

The varied splendor of the sky,
The force-born children of the air,
The weight of past and future bear,
That speeds them as they hasten by,
The world's majestic, rock-ribbed frame,
The crystalled mineral's fadeless form,
Unharmed by sun and fed by storm,
By water fashioned, and by flame,
The life that pulses through the earth,
And blossoms for a happy hour
In bird and bee and wayside flower,
And lives in death and dies in birth,
Is deep inwrought with coming worth,
The sun-imprisoning buttercup,
Whose golden wine the fairies sup;
The serried clover in the grass,
Whose breeze-winged scent,
With bright hues blent,
Allures the brown bees as they pass;
The sun-kissed leaves of bush and tree;
The twining grace of purpled vine—
All bear the imprint, line by line,
Of much that has been, and shall be.

REFRAIN.

O worlds, that float in ether sea,
O life-veined earth, upon your face
The mystic story man can trace
Of what ye have been, and shall be.

III.

Through chaos mist, divinely stirred,
What time creation's rhythmic wave
Through formless whirlings grandly drave,
When first the voice of God was heard;
Through shaping force in sky and earth;
Through primal life's awakening;
Was perfected through suffering
The focal hour of man's birth.
He brushed away the dews of sleep,
And lifted wonder-widened eyes,
That claimed the right to smile and weep.
He felt the instinct to arise—
The seal of God upon his soul.
In upward paths his feet were set;
He struggled sunward ever, yet
He faltered 'mid the thunder-roll,
A mist crept up and hid the sun,
He knew strange thoughts amid the dark,
And sin and anguish made deep mark
Upon him ere the way was won.
An icy blast o'erswept the world;
Death's poisoned darts were swiftly hurled,
Man groaned in impotence of will,
Or felt dumb sorrow deeper still,
A fresh wind stirred, the birds awoke,
A faint gleam through the darkness broke,
The herald of the coming dawn,
And clearer light beyond the morn,
Toward which the soul of man shall grow,
By his creation's heritage,
By moulding power of the age,
As surely as the waters flow.

REFRAIN.

Man is himself the prophecy,
By his creation's heritage,
By moulding power of the age,
Of his own glorious destiny.

IV.

O loving mother of us all,
Thy gracious arms were opened wide,
Thy summons could not be denied,
Our hearts responded to thy call.
We came from out our world to thee;
We bore a weight of young desire;
Ours was the instinct to aspire—
The gift of past humanity.
Mind's treasuries hast thou unsealed,
And from thy deep eyes we have caught
The breathless splendor of new thought,
The wordless joy of truth revealed,
The pure white light born in the sun,
And in thy halls our eyes have seen
The glory and the rainbow sheen
That haloes Wellesley's Shining One.
O fair Ideal, we cannot rest.
All common thoughts away we fling,
And strive to mount, on wavering wing,
To touch thy robe, and so be blest.
Beyond sweet music's farthest sweep,
Beyond the songs that come in sleep,
Thy form eludes our outstretched hands,
We turn again to common things,
And low! the shimmer of thy wings,
For in our midst the Presence stands.
We see thy holy face at length,
Thy touch amid the throng we feel;
We know thou art the Christ Ideal,
The fountain of unfailing strength,
Thy thought and Wellesley's is the same—
Not ease, not learning, and not fame
Be first in life, but holiness,
And loving deeds done in thy name.
O Christ Ideal, in thee we know
The meaning of the prophecy,
The greatness of our destiny,
The perfect man toward whom we grow.

REFRAIN.

O Christ Ideal, in thee we know

The meaning of the prophecy,
The greatness of our destiny.
The perfect man toward whom we grow.

Sarah Jane McNary, '90.

ADDRESS TO THE UNDERGRADUATES.

O princess, to whom our allegiance is due, and fair ladies all, we greet you.

We, who have toiled under a stranger sun for so many months, through discouragement and danger, digging in seclusion, are most happy in again looking upon the faces of friends. All the members of our College recall with what a sympathetic thrill of enthusiasm we listened to Dr. Amelia B. Edward's discourse on Egyptian archæology. Our princess was stirred by her appeal for workers, and determined that next year, a chair of archæology should be established in our halls, that the coming generation should be fired with ambition, and filled with sufficient knowledge to know and read the past. I was therefore delegated to conduct an expedition with a special view to investigating the methods and training necessary for a successful archæologist. Like my illustrious predecessor, Dr. Edwards, I have made a specialty of the study of mounds, and by the kind invitation of our Princess, I am here this gala day to speak to you of my researches.

My investigations were concerned with remains of more recent date than those of Egypt, and the results are of less archæological interest, perhaps, but still I have some relics, some valuable relics, which it is my purpose to present to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Let me sketch to you, briefly, a mound which our party explored. The strata, five in number, were somewhat sharply differentiated. The exterior of the mound was covered with variegated foliage, and each stratum had its distinctive flora and fauna. The exterior in its entirety presented a picturesquely beautiful, but somewhat striped appearance. On the first stratum, the flora consisted of verdant grass bright with pansies, while the wind rustled the leaves of a pleasant little grove of young birches. The fauna seemed limited and showed signs of becoming extinct. Eagerly summoning my assistants, I directed them to begin the work of excavation, a work richly rewarded with curious treasures of a by-gone age, each franght with significance and pathos. I regret that I have not some of my specimens with me, they are still en route, but, perhaps, I can describe them to you. The first stroke of the spade laid bare a peculiar embryonic tree, but it was positively impossible to predict what its maturity would bring forth. A few musical characters and some rude charcoal drawings, depicting human hands and feet, clusters of various fruits, animals, &c., were found. It was extremely interesting to compare these first barbaric attempts of art with those later unearthed in the lower strata. Many of these drawings had the figures 94 on the lower right hand corner, a hieroglyph puzzling even to the erudition of our party. Just under this thin layer we came upon heavier earth, positively teaming with relics. Human skulls of all shapes and sizes, showing remarkably contorted brain surfaces—these remains were quite fresh, and we counted one hundred and forty. On many brains there were curious figures such as are found in mathematical treatises, and judging from these trigonometrical series the dwellers in this land were much addicted to mathematics. A peculiar chemical odor prevaded this stratum, and in a dusky corner, we found a curious bifurcated garment, of dark red flannell, on the breast of which were the figures, '93, in black. I stood and pondered long, baffled as to what '93 could be designed for. Many more interesting relics were found, such as afternoon tea crackers, alcohol lamps, elaborate portiéres and lace curtains. The interest of all these relics was greatly enhanced when we compared them with similar and more simple relics found in the lower strata. The differences were striking. From a study of these various remains, we may deduce a few principles concerning life among these ancients. We must infer that they were students, but must also infer that frivolity was not unknown. Early in the day one of the workmen had carelessly driven his pick through a crystal vial, containing violent spirits. The fluid spread rapidly with great effervescence. It had a peculiar refracting power, and seemed to lighten the darkness. Its odor was agreeable though somewhat pungent. From certain rents in the earth's bosom we judged that similar pent-up spirits had not infrequently vented

themselves too suddenly and violently for the comfort of the underlying strata.

Much encouraged by our success in the first stratum, we eagerly turned to the second. Its exterior was bright with clover blossoms, and tiny sprouting oaks were showing their rosy leaves. Spring reigned here, but we found no animal life. We fell to the work of excavation with heartiness, and dug for some distance without finding any traces of former life. Two long hours, still no traces. Almost discouraged we slowly worked on. Suddenly a gleam of gold shone out, and with a cry I raised from its hiding place, a golden signet ring with the one word "Truth" graven on it in Greek characters. Here indeed was a treasure. With fresh enthusiasm we set to work. Two hours passed—no further traces; two more dragged their weary minutes away, and we had explored the whole stratum. We had looked for some fresh treasure, and there was *none* there. Wearily returning to the light of day, we caught a glimpse of two strange animals wandering about the upturned oaks and clods of earth still bright with clover. One we were able to identify at once as belonging to the genus "Doctors Theologiæ." But the other! we classified him without difficulty; but noted with amazement two facts, first, the evident solicitude and labor of the inhabitants to gain his domestication; second, his great distance from the country to which he was indigenous, for the animal was a species of Siberian lynx.

In haste and terror we gathered our tools and retreated to the other side of the mound. We had no desire to be eyed by that fierce looking animal. We soon lost sight of him, however, and found ourselves in a pleasant grove of red birch trees, while a thick carpet of ferns brushed our feet as we passed. The fauna was extremely abundant. We noted several species, prominent among them a *long* animal, and a song robin, of these we had no fear. Selecting a spot which looked propitious we drove the shovel deep into the earth. Oh, horrors! a frightful explosion followed, and blue electric fire flashed in the air, while from the depths came an awful groan. The workmen fled, terrified from the mouth of the opening, and all *my* persuasive powers scarce prevailed to bring them back. At length, having taken the shovel into my own hands and dug for a few moments unaided, no dire results ensuing, the workmen returned, and the excavation proceeded apace. Working our way cautiously to the interior we suddenly opened into a large chamber, evidently caused by the collapse of the earth after the gas that had accumulated for ages had so violently escaped. This chamber contained many valuable relics, and the one we first noticed was a small machine, evidently constructed on the plan of the siren. Here then was the explanation of the dreadful groan which had so terrified my workmen. (The groan of the siren always terrifies the ignorant; as certain of our own college poets have said, "'Tis the voice of the siren, I hear her complain." I judged the pent up air in rushing out had set the machine in motion. Accurate scientific information is such an important factor in dealing with the uneducated; the moment I explained the machine to the workmen, they hesitated no longer to pursue the excavation. An exclamation from one of them called my attention to a battered article which proved to be a mask, evidently worn at the performance of a tragedy. Several more of these uncouth masks were found scattered throughout the stratum, so we judged the people of this age to have been enthusiastic students of the drama. In several different places in this stratum we found crumpled laces, scarfs, elaborate though somewhat barbaric costumes, evidently of little use to the owners. A strange people they must have been. Side by side with scientific endeavor which was noticed in the siren we were confronted by these masks and elegancies of the toilet. We inferred from minor traces that the race whose relics were buried in this stratum was composed of versatile creatures, social with strong fellow feeling. We felt sure that false distinctions of blood and state were done away in the age in which these flourished, and each stood in the other's eyes clothed in the dignity of our common humanity.

The exterior of the fourth stratum, strange to say was completely covered with a luxuriant growth, which we found was like our native heliotrope, and young maples towered up towards heaven. It was a place where we might love to linger in the cool shade on such a fragrant carpet. Here the fauna were especially noticeable, from

the fact that the same species are found only in New York and Scotland. Unfortunately this stratum was more attenuated than any of the others, and the remains were not at all well preserved. Most had returned to their original state, and the dust was thick. A battered roll of papyrus, stained a tyrian purple was found thickly embedded in the dust. On the outermost sheet were the letters LEGENDA, in tarnished gold. This proved to be a collection of the wit and humor of its day. Even in this enlightened age we read it with appreciation and enjoyment, and gathered much interesting information concerning the customs of the day. This manuscript was partially wrapped in the fragments of an Oxford gown of purple hue. Careful search throughout the rest of the stratum revealed nothing else that had escaped destruction save an irregular fragment of Senior dignity of peculiar light quality. Owing to the fact that the manuscript gave so much information, we were able to picture the life of this age with greater vividness than that of any preceding stratum. But it is difficult to make any broad generalizations concerning the dwellers of this region. I take it, they were royal born, and manifestly cherished high ideals.

The fifth and last stratum scarcely deserved the name, so thin it was. The exterior showed a narrow band of brilliant tulips, and one small tulip tree looked skyward. The fauna had evidently departed, but we found traces of two former species. The interior was carefully explored, but the remains were almost entirely obliterated by age. A few traces of precedents were found, and several bones, nothing more. It was impossible to judge their manner of life,—we could do nothing with the relics, as they crumbled on exposure to the air.

There were many valuable relics scattered throughout the mound, which evidently were foreign to the stratum in which they were found. Attached to many of these treasures was the aged pun concerning their "Special" value. We explained their appearance in the various strata by the fact that heavier articles would naturally sink to the bottom by their own weight. The percentage of these relics was quite small but they form a choice collection.

This then was my mound. I have endeavored to sketch it briefly to you, and yet give its main characteristics. Perhaps you have gathered some bit of information. "Keep it, you're welcome, no extra charge." But there are some features of the life I have pictured that come home to us everyone. We who stand at the gate and look back on four years of college life, miss the joy and exuberant spirits that were ours when we too were young. We rejoice to see it in our young friends today. If there is one message that the past would learn the future, it is,

> "Let me lift up my head,
> And firmly, as with inner courage tread
> Mine own appointed way, on mandates high."

You who seek for Truth, be not weary. Truth is to be had for the search, if you seek it with reverent hearts. And after all is said, "Truth is the highest thing a man can keep."

You are tending towards the Beautiful and Good. You have a high ideal before you. May success crown your efforts.

And you, my fellow students, are striving to work and mould the woman to the fuller day. Be strong, be true, and all life about you shall blossom into noble action.

Mary Jennings Orton, '90.

FRESHMAN ORATION.

Within the last few years, there has been given to you the record of a strange and curious race: a record not handed down by tradition or song, but one recently discovered — a record of the coming race.

A curious race indeed, which dressed in dazzling white, and moved about on wings, a race living within the earth, in a region without sun or stars; — yet there was always light — light provided by the strong rays of hope. For their was among their ancient books a legend that they had been driven from a region which seemed to denote this world, in order to perfect their condition and that when their education shall have become complete they are destined to return to the upper world and supplant all the races existing there.

This people always lived iu peace and quiet, for they had learned by many experiments and trials

the secret of a mighty force.; not that of a magic wand but a real force in nature; a force which acts on the human mind or brain to call out and exalt the powers already existing there; a force which gave them power to act at will; a force which places no limit on their power.

With this force they each one charged a staff — contact with a staff meant death to one ignorant of its power; but in the hands of any of the race it had the power to heal as well as wound; even to open great and massive rocks, or overthrow huge masses of stone. Yet to use this in any way, we needs must learn the art. And to this end the children strove. Their studies most of all were followed with this one intent and in that world they lived to learn the uses and the power of their staff and wings. They worked patiently and yet with eagerness and determination, for did not this legend point them to a time when by means of a perfected education in the use of their staff, they were to conquer this, the upper world.

All this your record told you, but because of its strange, unnatural stories it was not thought to be true, and it was looked upon by you as some idle myth. But this tale, fairy-like as it is, must come to be a part of history, for we are here, come from that very region deep within the earth, to prove the tale is true. We are only representatives of a mighty people, but our presence here, and our story, must convince you of our reality.

From our childhood we had bent all our energies to the attainment of that power which would enable us to come to you. But in order that we might come, there must be added to the power of the staff, a firm belief in our existence and power on the part of one of you in this world.

Our staff permitted us to read the minds of men and thus we learned that there was one upon this world who did not regard the story of those records as wholly false. This gave opportunity for the hope that one day we should really see this world, but we grew anxious lest we should not reach the earth before this one had left it. For in her presence here our only hope was placed. So in the greatest haste each one seized her staff, which was to be our most important aid, and hurried to the boundaries of our country. But we were doomed to disappointment, for our staves could only open up a portion of the way. For we had left our school before our course was ended, and so we had not learned to use our staff with all its power. We did not give up hope. We wrote some letters, intended for this one friend of ours, and placed them on the fartherest ledge of the chasm which our staves had opened. We lingered round this place for many days and some of us grew weary and went home. But most of us cherished the hope that soon the letters would be found and carried to the one who trusted us. One day — it was a happy one — we saw through the thick darkness of the cleft, a light, — it was a ray of hope. Then some one took the letters from the ledge. We each one seized her staff and lo! what seemed to you fate or chance, was to us fortune. An excavator had struck our ledge and taken the letters, deeming them some manuscripts, which would be valuable as historical records. The power our staff exerts now was not useless, and our friend soon became the possessor of these records. Her belief in us was strengthened both by the letters, which she thought were ancient records, and by the power of our staff to disarm her of unbelief in us and persuade her of our need. For in the letters we had written that her permission was necessary for us to this world. And this she gladly gave. So through the power of our staff and her implicit faith in us, we were enabled to leave behind our own world and see yours. Do not imagine my story is merely some vague fancy. Surely letters asking for admission to this upper world are facts to which the past can testify. And here in our midst is one whose word sealed our coming, whose firm belief in us has been our aid and inspiration along thus far. Her very presence in our number to-day witnesses to her belief and confidence in us, and we would do no less than lay a tribute of love and gratitude at her feet.

Arriving in this upper world we found we were not conquerors. For we had left our own world much too soon. Our wings hung useless from our shoulders. Our staff had lost its greatest power.

And so we plodded on, content, for the time being, to be inferior to the races which we saw around us. But there was still the hope held up before us of becoming, ourselves, the head and ruling race. We knew that as we worked our own

way on, we made it easier for the friends we had left behind to come to us. And so we chose a flower to remind us of our aim, the pansy, for thoughts of those for whom we worked and toiled. And for our own encouragement we took the words, "Know thy opportunity,' as our watchword.

But as we worked on we felt that we still lacked a power which had been given to the former inhabitants here; a power which had helped you to become what you are. So we have come to you asking what this power may be, and whether it may be obtained by us. We are in need of this, we feel assured. Is there no one of you will tell us what this power may be, which will take the place of the power our staff has lost, — no one who will tell us how we may obtain this power which will assist us in our heavy trials? We lay before you this appeal for help. Will no one — no one tell us?

DELIVERY OF THE SPADE TO THE CLASS OF '93.

Welcome, right gladly welcome, O '93! You have been eagerly expected. Within our convent walls long have we watched and waited to see you, greet you, and deliver to you this symbol, so carefully guarded against your momentary cunning. O thou race newly sprung from earth! say, can ye e'er believe that we too came, a merry careless throng all robed and garlanded in pink and white, and dancing tiptoe on our convent close as you, I hear, do purpose dancing too. Yet so it is, for it is writ within the annals of our memory; but that was long ago, and long ago we donned our sober gowns, and turned our thoughts to things most serious and contemplative.

And always hath within us been the thoughts of that most wonderful of days, when we should see the race to come, as we had come, how the race before us never knew. And much of late, your presence, still to come, hath seemed to all pervade the very air, and fill it with strange visions, curious dreams and auguries that did perplex us much.

We dreamed of darkness and a winding stair, and strange unfriendly faces on the landing; and a vessel, a large vessel of tin, filled to the brim with clear, cold water; and a door closed, barred and bolted. And we dreamed of our abbess, tall and stately, ascending the narrow stair, and knocking at the closed and guarded door; and not one inch did the great panel move upon its hinges, but sounds there were within of dire confusion, and then the dream was gone. What meant the water cold and clear! What meant the knocking all unanswered? Our hearts were troubled and we thought within ourselves; how doth this shadow forth the coming race?

And then again, we saw our chapel in the early winter twilight, and there were faces all about, and we knew them not,and there was one on the platform who spoke to them, to all these strangers, and they heeded not. And the light was dim, and filled with dusky shadows and we saw that above, the shadows had gathered thick and all was dark. And out of the dark, over the heads of this people, this strange people, there came a white form, small and shadowy, but taking shape as it came down into the dark; skeleton, a dream skeleton, perfect in all its parts, descending slowly on the heads of the stranger people. And they did smile, full audibly they smiled, and all unheeding heard the one who spoke. And then, O mystery most wonderful! the glistening miniature in whitey bone, so seeming solid and so tangible, was gone, and all was as before. The vision faded, but within our souls what sorrow did it bring; and none could read the dream aright. And we have waited for thee, O '93! Read thou the vision's meaning. Where went the skeleton? The mystic symbol in our hands refused to solve the mystery, perchance when you, for whom we regarded it, receive it, may its powers be brought forth by your touch, for spades have often unearthed skeletons

And yet another vision saw we, and one more awful even than the last, for t'was a vision and yet nothing. We found a bit of parchment in our chapel, a tiny piece, bearing strange writings, such as this: "There will be a class-meeting of the class of '93 in the P. L. R., at four o'clock. *Important business.*" By dint of much labor we did interprete that P. L. R., referred to a chamber under the roof of our nunnery, wherein are kept strange instruments of torture, mental torture, from which thus far, we have been free. But here, at four

o'clock there was no class of '93, only an empty room and solemn stillness, and at the door a maid who waved in air a tiny wooden instrument and cried, "No quorum!" and then vanished. And throughout the empty room it echoed, "No quorum!" The words are Latin and we have heard, that by some magic power, when used with a negtive, it does arouse within the human breast a wild *intensity of helpless longing*. Where went you '93, and wherefore has that sad echo so oft resounded through that empty room?

But these were visions, only visions, perchance reality will be all too different. And you, brave children of the sun, scorn not that earth from out of which you came, but take this mystic symbol, and t'will unlock for you your treasure-house. Glorious and wonderful are your wings, but break them not e'er they are strong enough to bear you. It is ordained that all of us shall dig and leave in turn the spade unsullied for those who do come after. Then say we, dig and delve, O '93, and when thou findest thy treasure, know thine opportunity, lift thy treasure to thine heart and spread thy wings. *Florence Converse, '92.*

RECEPTION OF THE SPADE.

Heartily, O good sisters of the convent do we thank you for your words of cheering welcome. Grateful is it to us, O gentle '92, to see your smiles and your arms stretched out to greet us. The coming race can show their gratitude only by interpreting to you these mystic visions, for to us it is given to know the hidden meaning that you cannot understand. This time-honored relic also doth greatly aid us in our desire to interpret, for by its help we see all things past and future.

Many, many years ere we saw the light of the sun, we heard dire murmurings from the cloisters above us, the voices of the nuns chanting weird and solemn strains from those great pages of the poetic Puckle and the genius, Genung. Then were we full of fear, but were urged on by some great hope, and at last, undaunted we came forth, yes, even from the catacombs of examination.

Full joyous were we when ye cloistered nuns did bid us welcome 'neath the palm trees in the centre court. Gently ye warned us concerning the massive bread plates in the refectory, and many other kindly offices did we at your hands receive. But alas! as thou hast said, good sister, one day while tranquilly listening to the voice of one who did speak to us of hidden wonders, we saw the vision thou hast but now described. The vision, what was it? a portent of evil? a spectre sent to terrify our souls! Our hearts were indeed fearful and filled with forebodings, for 't was whispered 'mong us that ye nuns, so seeming gentle, had sent him. But when the vision vanished, know ye whither it went? Think ye, ye saw it all? 'Tis most pleasing to relate, since it doth the powers of the coming race fortell. One of our valiant band, full daring, flew on white wings, and did *Hazard* her fresh, young life in grappling with the vision, but in the end she did conquer and now that evil spirit doth repose, fast bound in ribbon bands, never more to harm the coming race, and doth but serve the purpose of an ornament.

Moreover ye did say that ye would not in peace suffer us to choose our leader, and so we did the massive door fast bolt and guard. Then was it said: "See the mighty array that cometh with threatening looks through the gloomy halls wherein are kept the carven chests which hold the somber gowns of the nuns." But that vision did fade and instead we saw the abbess with her page, but we did refuse her admittance, for we said, "Have not the nuns greatly threatened us?" For, look ye, new sprung from earth, we did little comprehend the precedent. So we did argue, and becoming heated in the discussion did overturn the mighty vessel of tin. Say ye we did have it for evil purposes? Nay, rather it was hateful to us, for was it not to one, a strong reminder of spider's webs and clouds of dust which must be sprinkled ere overcome? And in her haste she did leave it there, for we were all most desirous to see our leader. Then in the dimly lighted chapel, ye did speak to us words of sorrowful reproach, and offer unto us snowy flowers, in token that ye forgave us, for what? Would ye not yourselves have done the selfsame thing? Ye were, O good sisters, most grievously deceived in our intentions. And our brave leader did speak for us, and mightily defend us.

No quorum, say ye, '92? Prithee, tell me this:

whether is worse, to have no quorum, or when one is had to greatly strive? For do we not always with one heart and mind desire the same thing. Now I beseech ye, hear ye this: "There will be a meeting of the nuns in the vaulted chamber ere the twilight cometh, for the purpose of choosing a patron saint." Ye did have a quorum but what did ye with it? One maid did state her choice. "But him, I will not have," said another. And so ye did argue and hot was the discussion, but when the shades of eve drew nigh, then did the nuns disperse with downcast eye and mournful countenance, for they had no patron saint. No, none, nor for many a day thereafter, not e'en till a month ere now. But ye know that the coming race do rejoice in theirs in the days of their infancy.

And now good sisters, though we may in some wise disagree, let us bury our class strife (not class feeling) in the fresh earth at the foot of this tree. May this spade, the emblem of peaceful pursuits, be a seal of the treaty of peace 'twixt '92 and '93, and may all wounds to class feeling be healed in their very infliction as yours and ours have been. So now and always the coming race can find no words so full of deep and true meaning, as even partially to express their gratitude and pleasure on this festal day, save only those simple ones we would repeat again and again, "We thank you."

Caroline N. Newman.

AULD ACQUAINTANCES.

MARRIED.

CROCKER–WEYMAN.—At New York City, June 3, Annie Lathrop Weyman, student at Dana Hall, '81-'84, to Adams Crocker. At home Tuesdays, after June 10, Prospect Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

GIBSON–SHAFER.—At Bellevue, Pa., June 4, Nancy McLean Shafer, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, '85-'86, to William G. Gibson.

WASSON-DEVENY.—At Cleveland, O., June 11, Mary Matilda DeVeny, '83, to Edmund Atwill Wasson. At home after September 1, at Ellingwell, Staten Island.

THE lecture by Miss Sanborn, Wednesday evening, in the Winter Hill Congregational Church brought together a good-sized audience. The lecturer, with the aid of the stereopticon, gave a very interesting and instructive account of her trip across Guatemala together with a fine description of the country through which she passed. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Winter Hill Socicty of Christian Endeavor for the church building fund, and netted a goodly sum for that purpose.—*Somerville Journal.*

Miss Sanborn is a member of the class of '84.

The Detroit Branch of the Associatian of Collegiate Alumnae, held its third regular meeting in Ann Arbor, Friday, May 20. Among the guests were Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Miss Isabella French, (Wellesley, '83). The question for discussion was, "Social Life at Colleges." Papers were read by Miss French and Mrs. Emerson (Vassar). An interesting discussion followed, and among the speakers were Mrs. Palmer and Miss Verna Sheldon (Wellesley, '84). In the evening the College Alumnae of Ann Arbor gave a delightful reception in honor of Mrs. T. S. McGraw (Vassar), President of the Association. Mrs. Palmer was an honored guest, and all the Wellesley girls in the city received invitations.

Saturday, the Wellesley girls gave a luncheon to Mrs. Palmer from 12 to 2 P. M., in the Ladies' Library of Ann Arbor. Mrs. Pres. Angell, Mrs. Bradley Thompson, Miss French, '83 and Mrs. Minnie Rees Cheney, '86 were guests. The others present were, Miss Verna Sheldon, '84, Miss Josephine Rathbone, '82-'83, Miss Lillian Johnson, '79-'83, Miss Helen Baldwin, '88, Miss Mary Bancker, '91, Miss Maud Miller, '91, Miss Mary Plant, '92 and Miss Julia Herrick, '92.

THE following item in regard to Miss Anna V. LaRose '84, is from the Logansport (Ind.) *Daily Pharos.*

As the school year approaches its close the wisdom and judgment of the school board in electing Miss LaRose as snperintendent is most apparent. Miss LaRose has given the best satisfaction to the entire corps of teachers and to the patrons of the school. Everything that has come within her sphere of work has been done faithfnlly aud well. She has made many excellent innovations and by her clerical work and that of her teachers has collected valnable statistics and data hitherto neglected in our schools. Miss LaRose has shown indefatigable energy in the pursuit of the trust confided her, and possesses the gratitude of the people of Logansport to a large degree.

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, June 8, Dr. Phillip Moxam, of Boston, preached, taking as his text, "Thy kingdom come."

* * *

Float Day came, but better than that, the sun came too, as if to lend its aid to make all things bright and attractive. On Saturday, June 7, long before the time for Float to begin, the guests began to assemble and many had not come until some time after the exercises had begun. The crews assembled on the south porch where every one was expected to admire the suits which were prettier and much more picturesque than ever before. Promptly at seven the march was formed and the crews walked down the path to the east end of the building, down the steps and across the grass to the boats. The audience received them with great applause for '90 was at the head of the line and also '90 was escorting '92 with their exquisite suits, to their place among the crews for the first time. The crews took their places one by one in the boats and as they pulled off from shore each crew gave her yell, all of which were remarkably good. The usual circle and star were formed before the crews were ready to sing. Then came the college cheer which was echoed in the heart of every Wellesley student and was rivaled only by the frogs who considered the lake their property and resented sdch intrusion. The "Eaton Boat Song" which came first on the programme was well sung and fully appreciated. The song by the crew of '90 must not be passed over without a good word, for this was '91's Float and how could they do otherwise than distinguish themselves. "Floating" by the Freshman crews was followed by "I'll be dar," a striking melody and well suited to the water. Then came '90's crew song. The Junior class certainly has some fine voices on the crew and the song showed it. But its stroke!

"If you knew that your stroke was the best to be had,
With a fancy recover about it,
Would you change it if people declared it was bad?
Well, may be you would, but I doubt it."

A few of the other especially classical and poetical verses of this famous song "I Doubt It," are as follows:

"When first in the Argo we started to row,
Of course we knew all about it.
Do we speed like an arrow shot out from its bow?
Well, may be we do, but I doubt it."

also:

"If you were a Freshman and plied a great oar,
Which had nothing spoony about it,
Do you think you would row like a practised Senior,
Well, may be you would, but I doubt it."

"Over the Sea" and "A Capital Ship" must be quickly passed over to speak of the next class song, that of '92. '92 you did well, but it will be better when you are as old and confident as the Seniors, or possibly as the Juniors. "Angels meet me" was followed by a song from the Special crew which was especially fine and all the more appreciated because it was not on the program. "In Our Boat" and "Granger John" were very well sung and after "Farewell" the boats left their places and the Float, as far as the written program, was over. During the singing it had gradually become dark, when all at once the sun came out to look once more upon the singers before setting. A beautiful sunset followed of a deep red which colored all the clouds around and reflected its brightness in the water. As the lanterns were lighted around the lake and the calcium lights made their paths of light in the dark waters, certainly the scene was one of artistic beauty. As the boats came back to shore to receive their guests and take them out on the lake, congratulations and shouts came from all sides. One particularly was worthy of note, and it may be remembered by some who stood on shore. Ni-i-i-in-ty-y-y, Ninety. As the boats came into the light and then disappeared again in the darkness they looked phantom-like and at times small and graceful which made one wish that it might always be dark with only calcium lights, when those boats were to be used. The spectators noticed that the calcium lights seemed to follow one boat and upon inspection it proved to be the Senior boat; but had it not followed it we could not have witnessed the crowning event of the evening. "A race! '90! '91! '91! '90!" And '90 it proved to be. It is to a former member of '90 that we are indebted for the fine yodling. After a short reception on the first floor centre, the guests left, voting many congrtulations to '90 and their captain who so admirably managed affairs during the evening. The Float was a decided success even down to the pretty programs which many were fortunate enough to obtain.

* * *

When last Thursday morning, June 5, the announcement was made from the chapel desk that the morrow should be celebrated among us as Tree Day, we took little notice of the provisions:—Should the day prove unpleasant, Tree Day will be postponed until Tuesday, Saturday's programme will be carried out on Friday, Tuesday's on Saturday. However, these last words proved prophetic and direful. The morrow did prove unpleasant, and for the rest of the week all were in imminent danger of the delirium of fever, for Saturday danced madly off with Friday, Tuesday skipped by interlacing her arms with Saturday's merry water-sprites, Sunday was almost crowded off the stage, and, Friday and Tree Day had not yet come.

But come it did, at last, with all the freshness of Spring, with one constant, devoted little breeze as its attendant, which seemed eager only to bear the words of each speaker more quickly to our ears, not rudely and selfishly to blow away the accents all wished to hear.

At the stroke of two the breeze tapped at windows here and there and reminded first one, then another, that an audience was awaiting them. There was more vigorous tapping, too, on chamber doors and the ravens of this song cried despairingly: "Will you never come? Nevermore?" And they did come — an hour later. The first to emerge were the Specials, Specials no longer. They came as Orientals with mincing step, and fluttered fan and gorgeous gown. Ah, ye wise Japanese maids! Ye know how to be comfortable 'neath the sun with parasol and fan. Ye know, too, how to be enchanting to the vision, in your figured robes of gleaming yellow and brilliant red.

Closely upon these strangers followed visions all too fleeting of the spirit sub—one of the institution. They were clad in the true-blue of the College Beautiful with daisies thickly set about the waist and throat.

Lo, a solemn row of nuns doth next appear! They are robed all in black and white with cords of clover-

blossoms about the waist, and many bear rosaries in their sedately-folded hands. Their appearance is remarkably healthy, notwithstanding their life of forced self-denial. Highly incongruous, too, seem the banners which they flourish so heartily. One bears their motto in clover—pink and white, one is dark like themselves—"Truth in black and white"—and the third and most frivolous of all, bears the unseemly words: —"There's none like Ninety-Two." Some one was heard to utter a low: so let it be!

A horn was heard. A brave band of men in green appeared clustering about their leader who had blown the blast. Once more bold Robin Hood sounded the horn, and at the last long note another band came with swinging tread to join line. Still another and another appeared, panting, breathless, till all the clan was there, and this was Ninety-One.

There came now to join the great assembly a delegation from last year's Tree-Day, the noble veterans of Eighty-Nine. No sign of age or disease marred their countenances and their coming was greeted with appreciative applause.

And now all eyes turned to watch for the coming race, the bright, pure children of the glorious future. in multitudes they came in white robes, with hair bound with golden fillets, and bearing in their hands long golden wands of healing and of power. The pansies in yellow beauty lay on each breast. Their welcome grew more and more enthusiastic as the long line advanced, and even the daisies on Ninety-Four's blue gowns nodded their little heads in gleeful wise, showing in their colors their loyalty to Ninety-Three.

Once more was breathless silence in Ninety's Court. Their banner in all its beauty waved over the throne. The pillars towered about it, supporting their stone arch. The three great chairs stood empty. Would the Princess Ida really deign to come to hold her court among those so eagerly awaiting her? Yes, announced by the Herald with her pages, all in heliotrope and gold, she enters with her womanly grace and stateliness and ascends the throne amid the songs of her followers, strangely mingled with lusty cheers for Ninety from every quarter of the assembly-room. On either side of the queen sat the ladies Psyche and Blanche, and queen and followers alike, were loyal, for all alike wore heliotrope.

Soon the gracious Princess, introduced by the Herald, arose and spoke to each and all some graceful words of welcome to her court and College, giving us a brief and charming glimpse of the character of her people, of their aims and purposes, and begging our attention to the events of the afternoon. With ready hearts all turned to listen yet again, when suddenly there rose the sound of sylvan song from some wild foresters and the applause was hushed while Robin Hood with native nobleness advanced to the step of the throne, and kneeling with uncovered head he bent and proffered to the fair Princess his hunting-horn filled with fragrant heliotrope and maiden hair fern. Thus he surrendered to her service his band of staunch adherents. Next came in Robin's place, on small unsteady feet, two Japanese maids, and laid before the throne their floral offering. Then followed a sombre nun with flowers, too, she trod amid the unaccustomed splendor of the court with downcast eyes and meekly-folded hands; and after her there came one of the ruling race to be, who paced the palace halls with all due dignity, and laid within the Princess' hand her own magic wand of gold while scattering before her bright pansies as a cushion for her feet. Royally the princess received these offerings.

Then the lady Psyche rose and with fevor and eloquence told us the debt of her companions to the past, and the work for woman which the future should see them attempt and accomplish. In every word was genuine determination and, throughout, there echoed and re-echoed the ring of the college and class mottoes

Song followed—an ode of power and beauty with responses by the band of court minstrels. These responses added much to the pleasure of the ode by their variety and sweet melody. The bard was all-impassioned and her muse, we know, must have been her willing hand-maiden.

Now the lady Blanche addressed the court, and here the mental strain became intense. Most instructive and entertaining was her account of her arduous labors as an excavator. The chart with which she illustrated her talk gave evidences not only of the great proficiency, but also of the accurate taste of the art pupils under the direction of the court college. We hung with eager interest under her words, as farther and farther she explored that rare mound.

When all was done came the sad and glad ceremony of the binding of heart and hand with bands of heliotrope and gold. When all were joined together, the Princess administered to all the solemn oath of loyalty to Wellesley, of allegiance to each other. All who saw and heard felt the same to be one of beauty and impressiveness, reminding them of things half sad, half sweet, and wholly earnest.

The ode by the bard was exquisite in thought and word. Through all the addresses had run a silken thread of thought, the thought of an ideal and here it still gleamed and lifted the poem to a high beauty.

Still linked by the bands of love 'Ninety passed out and on to the tree, where the pages lightly dancing bound one group after another to the slender maple, lacing and interlacing the narrow chord among them. And here the chorus sung the class song of Ninety, written by Miss Lena Brown.

TREE-SONG OF NINETY.

Nature hath clad her in robes most fair,
Under the sapphire sky,
Royal her jewels, her flowers fair,
Her gold from the sun on high.
Birds from the treetops, full and clear,
Chorus a gladsome lay,
Rejoice in this regal month of the year!
Ninety holds court today.

Yonder the throne is awaiting our queen;
Bearing the lilac and gold,
Waving its delicate branches of green,
Our sentinel maple behold!
Come to the spot where once we were met
In the days now far away,
Where, loyal and true to her princess yet,
Ninety holds court to-day!

Too swift on their wings we are borne by the years
To the time when soon we must part,
Backward we gaze thro' the gathering tears
And a quick pang rends the heart.
To sadness a truce, yield to joy's magic reign,
Pleasure alone shall have sway,
As crowing the years in her gladness, not pain,
Ninety holds court to-day.

Far away beyond the campus beneath the trees were placed the seats for the Freshmen exercises. Thither the court was led when it had disbanded. And there all repaired class by class. The Seniors in their academic robes looked nobler than they had in the more sombre robes of other years. With stately tread bold Robin led his lady hostess across the green. At the blast of his horn his faithful followers came running after with free step. The Specials trod the lawn with twinkling, tottering foot-steps. The nuns advanced to music of mingled nature. The gayety of pre-convent life burst forth in the rollicking notes of "the owl and the pussy-cat," but finally sobriety subdued irreverance and a solemn chant was on their lips once more.

And now came the angels of light, fluttering with outstretched wings upon the ground. They seemed to have come from another world, some one was heard to say, with but one terrestrial bit among them, and that their honorary member. But she, methought, was not of the earth, only the pure white light of the sun with a network of yellow sunshine upon it. In and out the long line swayed. Now a curve on the green lawn, now winding about a tree. "Who would have thought," a Junior exclaimed, "that a mere stick would have made such a difference!" A difference indeed! The wands waved and we admired, and it was with regret that we saw the end of the gracious, swelling line. Soon as they gathered about the tree they showed the power of song as well as of motion, as they sung to their silver birch their tree-song.

Merrily, merrily, how the birds sing!
Cheerily, cheerily, sweet voices ring,
Soft the winds murmur the birch trees among,
Knothi kairon are the words that are sung.

Silently, softly, on fair Waban's breast,
Tenderly, tremblingly, dark shadows rest,
Bright golden sunbeams and clouds drifting white,
Mass in the heavens our colors of light.

Modestly, lowly, the sweet pansies grow—
Fair, tiny faces with beauty aglow—
Ease to the aching hearts, peace to the sad,
Pleasure and brightness to all who are glad.

Tenderly, trustingly, hearts ever true,
Lovingly, loyally, praises renew,
Earnestly, sweetly our class Ninety-three,
Sing of the love we bear fair Wellesley.

The mistress of ceremonies then presented the orator of the day who spoke in dainty allegory of the entrance of her sisters into this world so new to them, and paid a glowing tribute to that one who by belief in them had enabled them to be.

While the orator resigned her place to Ninety-two's representative, who should present the spade, Ninety-two herself rose and sung in honor of those who should receive her gift. Then the nun began to speak, and all her demureness could not conceal the bright sparkle of her spirit. Many a strange vision she encountered and called upon these seated sprites for interpretations.

Satisfaction came to her questioning, for the successor to the platform showed herself amply able to interpret all things. With most unblushing frankness she gave to us many puns, and these and all she said were relished and we sighed when she had ceased.

And how can we describe what followed? We drew back from the infant tree and while the band of white-robed creatures sang, we watched the motions of the other band of dancers. All was grace and merriment. In swaying lines they drew nearer and nearer the tree with waving arms and uplifted wands. Then they circled about the tree, now with gentle stateliness, now with merry swiftness. Now some made an archway of lifted wands while their sisters tripped beneath the trembling golden roof. Now with clasped hands, again with crossed wands they passed and repassed. Never tiring, all watched the endless variety of the changes and admired without measure the skill of all the dancers and the surpassing grace of their leader. As the chorus singers began the strains "only a pansy blossom," with emphasis and feeling, the dance ended and with it the exercises of one of the fairest Tree-days Wellesley has ever seen. Many thanks are due to Miss Lena Brown and to Prof. Hill whose kind services were very helpful.

Tree day proper was at an end. But now came the pictures. Meanwhile there were exhibitions of archery upon the campus and Robin Hood's men showed themselves no sham huntsman. They danced, too, about their cherished greenwood tree and their cheers rang far and wide with lusty strength.

After hurried lunches came the evening with its reception. But the reception was long in beginning. Why should a girl sit alone in a corner landing over a strange, square book? Why should another girl pace up and down oblivious to all else save a companion-piece to the book the girl in the corner was reading? Why should there be so many copies of these two attitudes of absorption? Why, the Legenda in all its glory was at length revealed to waiting eyes, and pressed closely to excited hearts. But finally the sound of music drew book and maid apart by its compelling influence, and all waxed merry as the College Glee Club and the Ninety-one Glee Club sang with a will their most cheery songs, and many a stealthy waltz was stolen on the south porch by men in green from willing maids, to be followed by a walk about the College under the witching light of the Chinese lanterns, which hung like ripe fruit from the bending branches of the trees. Though we had to wait long for our Tree-day, we were generously rewarded when it came.

COLLEGE NOTES.

☞ All who desire extra copies of the Special Commencement Number of THE PRELUDE are requested to send their orders immediately to Miss Lauderburn or to Miss Tufts.

The members of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association are cordially invited to be present at the Eleventh Annual Reunion of the Wellesley Alumnae, to be held Wednesday, June 25, 1890 in the Chapel, Wellesley College. A Business Meeting will occur at 10 a. m. This is to be followed at 11.30 by a Literary Meeting at which a paper and several addresses will be presented by prominent Alumnae on this subject: "The Relation of the College to Domestic Economy." The Collation will be served in the College Dining Hall at 12.30. All intending to be present will please notify the secretary before June 10, so that ample provision may be made for all. The secretary's address is Mrs. Edgar O. Silver, Newton, Mass.

The members of the Alumnae Association will learn with regret that our president, Mrs. Winifred Edgerton Merrill, sailed last week from New York on the City of Berlin. While we wish for her a most delightful trip,

we feel sad at heart that she is not to be with us on Alumnae Day. It is great good fortune for us, however, that Mrs. Louis McCoy North is to read the paper on which an animated discussion is expected; and that the "Glee Club," notwithstanding the many calls on them during the last days of the term, has consented to sing. A goodly number of the Alumnae have already signified their intention to be present and we hope for a large delegation from the Class of '90, for whom we have a most hearty welcome.

Sarah Woodman Paul,
Chairman of the Executive Committeee.

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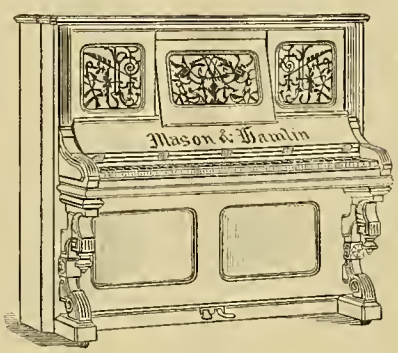

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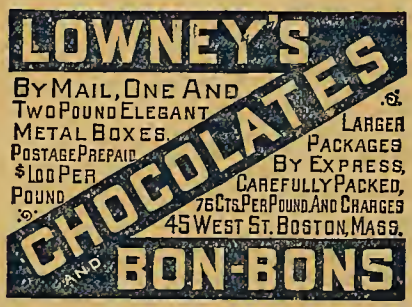

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